

# South Dakota

*By kate j*

che-che— che-che— che-che— che-che

My mother lives in South Dakota  
Under the rustling cottonwoods  
That carry the whispers of relatives  
Along the silted creek  
That challenges the basement in Spring  
And withdraws from site by Summer's depth

My mother lives in South Dakota  
Where Rattlesnake visits unsuspecting relatives  
Who wish for solitude  
And speak gently as he passes  
Along the cracked baked earth  
Leaving gentle squiggles to follow

My mother lives in South Dakota  
Among the ancient Buffalo Grass that fed a Nation  
And delicate Prairie Smoke  
Who wave in the breeze  
With skirts held high  
As night skies fall

My mother lives in South Dakota  
As she has lived for all these years  
With longing and loss and patience  
For her mother to come with tender arms and gentle caress  
To carry her to safety  
And place her within her breast

che-che— che-che— che-che— che-che